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and brown Doulton ware, and are accented with white enamel.

On the north side of the stand is a mantel of dark wood, extending to and including the ceiling cornice. This is simply but very effectively set with painted tile panels, presenting Shakspearean scenes and characters—Touchstone and Audrey, one on either side of the fireplace, being the principal figures. For the library of some genial philosopher, this rich, deep-toned fireplace, lighted up by the glow of hard-wood coals, would be very appropriate and satisfactory.

I would note that these mantel-pieces are enriched by a display of rare vases, plates, jars, painted plaques, etc., which belong to a portion of this exhibit to be mentioned at another time.

In Horticultural Hall, two terra-cotta subjects, suitable for lawn and garden; a group of Diana and a Stag, and a large piece called the Amazon Vase, the ornamentation being designs in relief representing Amazonian scenes and characters. These are from classic models, faithfully studied and executed.

There are other works in Agricultural Hall and elsewhere which I can not now even enumerate. I have given much space already to this class of exhibits; but I think their importance justifies my so doing. I trust that terra cotta will prove to be a material in which fine works of art may be reproduced in America, at a cost that will place them within reach of all our people who care for them. As a means of education, I see nothing in the Exhibition that looks more promising.

—John V. Sears.

MUSIC.

IN NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE.

THE ALDINE is always glad to record the success of an American *débutante*. It has been pained to chronicle the failure of a goodly number who essayed the stage either with a false idea of their own vocal powers, or with immature preparation. Even a canary-bird can not sing as soon as it is fledged. The vocal organs it has, and the possibilities are all in its little throat; but, endowed as it is by nature, it must listen and learn, and by degrees attain perfection. It is unfortunate for many of our native singers that they are not as intelligent as a canary. They have a little voice, a little action, and imagine themselves full-fledged song-birds. They trot upon the stage, spread their unaccustomed wings, essay to raise their tiny voices, and fail. Indulgent friends clap their hands, but the curtain falls like a funeral pall upon disappointed hopes.

So we repeat that it is with no little pleasure we record the success of Miss Gertrude Corbett, a young Wisconsin lady, at the Academy of Music in this city, at a brief and unexpected summer season of opera. And just here we want to compliment the young lady's courageous good sense in making her operatic *début* under her own honest name. There are plenty of precedents to justify her in styling herself Senora Gertrudini Corbettini, and we are glad that her Western education taught her to rely upon her own merits and not upon any fictitious and unwomanly aids.

In assuming so difficult a part as *Norma*, she invited the most pungent criticism. The echoes of Titien's masterly performance have scarcely died away from the Academy; and to those who were present at Miss Corbett's *début*, the memory of other great singers who have made the character notable, was still fresh. The *débutante* has the advantage of fine presence. Her features are handsome, her figure commanding, and her movements graceful. To these add a well-trained soprano voice of large compass and pleasing quality, an intelligent delivery and a certainty of intonation, and a good dramatic execution, and we have the best elements of a successful operatic career. There were, it is true, occasional crudities in her performance, but no more than are natural to a novice, and especially in the presence of an audience well informed and necessarily critical. The critics questioned her wisdom in assuming so difficult a *rôle*; but it served to show her power, and how much more she may accomplish in less arduous characters. We do not doubt that Miss Corbett will

be secured for the regular season next fall, and hope to have the pleasure then of chronicling her further successes.

Offenbach, the very remote disciple of Sebastian Bach, was heralded with the usual theatrical parade of an excursion down the bay (which failed to meet the steamer) and a serenade with calcium light, claquers and like stage paraphernalia. He came; we saw; and he did not conquer. The maestro of opera bouffe is a very pleasant, affable and sparkling Franco-German. He is as volatile as one of his operas, and effervesces with the fervor of genuine "V. Cliquot." But his mission in life has been, as one of the speakers at the Offenbach reception by the New York Press Club humorously remarked, "to raise the people to the standard of opera bouffe." The height of that standard is left to the imagination of the reader. His reception at Gilmore's Garden was quite an ovation, but his music was a disappointment. His conducting was moreover unsatisfying. It lacked both vim and magnetic influence. We recall the mercurial Strauss, and even now can feel ourselves swaying to the motions of his infectious baton. Offenbach, on the contrary, seemed terribly in earnest and hard at work. The absence of the libretto and of the actors of the comic drama was evidently felt as much by him as by his hearers. The flippant music fell upon listless ears. The introverted eyes saw Tostee and Aimee in dreamland, and refused to be comforted without their actual presence in all the brilliant tinsel and side-splitting comicalities of the complete opera. It did not suffice that the latter sat in a prominent box, munching crackers and drinking burgundy in a very commonplace way. In brief, Offenbach was neither a musical nor a financial success. Gilmore's band, on the contrary, is, we understand, filling the vast Hippodrome nightly, and filling the coffers of its enterprising managers.

The Forrest Mansion Company in Philadelphia has not been successful. The fault does not lie with Theodore Thomas or his orchestra. If the originators of this enterprise had taken the trouble to make inquiry here, they would have learned that the principal difficulty in maintaining the Central Park Garden arose from its great distance from the hotel centre of New York. It had to rely, to a considerable extent, upon transient visitors. Such being the case here, how much more was the Forrest Mansion Co. dependent upon strangers for its support! Yet it selected a place remote from the business centre and miles distant from the Exhibition, and out of the regular line of travel. It moreover delayed the completion of its restaurant until some weeks after the concerts opened. Its internal arrangements were also crude and in some respects unbusinesslike. It surprised no one, cognizant of these facts, that it was not successful. At the present writing, Mr. Thomas is in New York, where we hope a suitable garden will be provided for his orchestra, and that we shall have again the matchless concerts which have become one of the essential comforts of our summer season.

We are enjoined to "speed the parting guest;" but after all we may be pardoned for saying that Von Bulow has left us no such impression as did Rubinstein. Von Bulow is a successful interpreter: Rubinstein is a genius. The former has acquired almost perfection in execution by assiduous practice. Neither his expression nor his manner display any inspiration. His performance is apparently mechanical. In the midst of phrases that stirred the soul of every true musician, he would turn his face to the audience with a supercilious and semi-idiotic stare, and with an expression which seemed to say, "What do you think of this? See how easy I do it!" Rubinstein, on the contrary, did not see his audience at all. He was evidently unconscious of self. But comparisons are both odious and unnecessary. The compositions of the two reveal the relative power of the men. We mistake public sentiment if we are not correct in saying that Rubinstein's return would give universal satisfaction, and Von Bulow may come or not, as suits his convenience. He has shown many people how certain selections may be played. We doubt if he has inspired any one.

We can not close without brief reference to the hymn composed for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. Dudley Buck's cantata we have not yet seen, but learn from others that it does not differ materially from the style of his church compositions, about which there is much similarity. He is never tame, nor, on the other hand, is he very deep. The composition, we doubt not, was far superior to the words with which he was furnished; and if he succeeded in making a really interesting and intelligible work, he is to be congratulated for his triumph over the most extraordinary jargon we have ever read, excepting only Walt Whitman's later poems.

But we confess to some disappointment with Mr. Paine's composition. The grand hymn of the noble Whittier afforded an opportunity for a setting which would become the national melody. We have no national hymn. The nearest approach is "America," borrowed from the nation the disruption from which we this year celebrate. Whittier, as if to aid the composer, chose the majestic long metre six lines in which to write his verse. The theme, the metre and the occasion were all in the composer's favor. As the Professor of Music in Harvard College, and unquestionably one of the most accomplished musicians in this land, he was familiar with the characteristics of the leading national hymns. There may be exceptions, but we do not recall a national hymn whose salient feature is not melody. Nor is this at all surprising. A hymn for the *whole* people must be such as will catch the most uncultured ear. Children should be able to join in it after a single verse is sung. "God Save the King," the Austrian, Russian and Italian hymns, and also the "Marseillaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein," and others less prominent, are notably melodic. They never could have become popular otherwise.

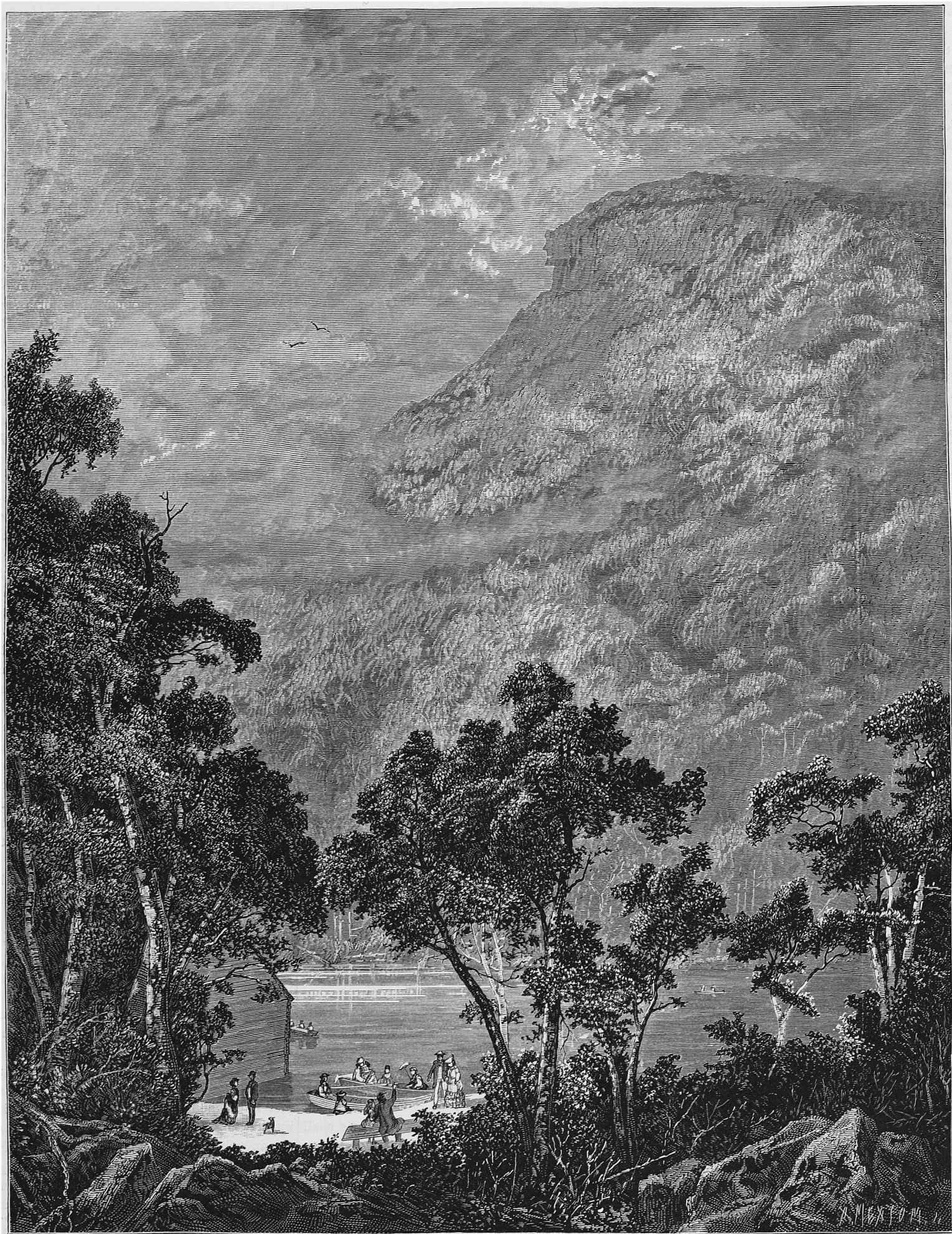
Mr. Paine has taken for his model the German choral. Interpreted by a large chorus it is majestic and grand. Its harmonies are grammatically exact and perfect. Its movement may be improved by ignoring the hold at the end of each phrase. Its lack is in melody, and in this respect it is lamentably deficient. We confess to a sincere disappointment; for now, it ever, seems to us the occasion for a national hymn which shall take rank with "God Save the King," and supersede its use by Americans, who are by this time entitled to have a national hymn of their own.

—Horatio C. King.

PROFILE MOUNTAIN.

LOCAL names for striking and remarkable points in natural scenery are not always either euphonious or appropriate. They are too apt to partake of the incongruous and absurd to an extent which makes the visitor wonder what sort of imagination it was which first fitted them with names and whence it drew its inspiration. Satan, too, is usually given such prominence in the nomenclature of such scenes as to make one wonder whether he really has acquired sole dominion over the earth. We are all familiar with "Devil's Pulpits," (Why should he want a pulpit?) "Devil's Seats," "Devil's Punch-Bowls," "Wash-Basins," "Soup-Plates," and all the other furniture of a diabolical outfitting in such profusion that it comes to be no manner of wonder that the Arch-Enemy should be busy on our planet if he is to look after all his property; and we involuntarily speculate on the probable mental and spiritual condition of those who were willing to give up all the fairest scenes of their neighborhood to Satanic use. We all know, too, the stretch of imagination and the implicit faith required on the part of the visitor to see the significance of many a name, not of diabolical origin, given to some queer-shaped rock, hill or mountain outline, and most of us would be unwilling to confess exactly how many times we have consented to find the semblance of some familiar object in a pile of boulders or a water-worn rock, merely to satisfy a friendly guide, who would be grievously disappointed to know that, to us, it was a rock "and it was nothing more."

There are exceptions, however, and we now and then find that nature, in some of her freaks, has, as if



PROFILE MOUNTAIN.—AFTER DAVID JOHNSON.

to mock our puny efforts at sculpture, really shown us what she can do when she undertakes to imitate her own handiwork. One of these exceptions—and they are few—is the peculiar profile known as the “Old Man of the Mountain”—a better name than most of such phenomena get—of which we copy Mr. Johnson’s excellent picture. The artist has not in the least exaggerated the likeness to the face of an old man of majestic feature, which is displayed by the overhanging cliff. No touch of art has been necessary to change the shape or position of the rocks, which, though fully sixty feet from brow to chin, present from the immense distance at which the spectator must stand, the rugged, positive, yet not unkindly face of a man, wise by age and thought, the *genius loci* who has seen generation after generation, race after race, come and go beneath him, and muses now over the ways of the

white man, as tolerant of them as he was before of the fighting and hunting, the loves and hates of the red man and of who knows how many races of the predecessors of both? Seen from below, as shown in the picture, which is taken from the best form of view, the face is somewhat softened in expression, perhaps, without any spoiling of its rude grandeur. Lovers, floating idly in the moonlight at the base of the cliff, may look up to it without fear, while the votary of ambition may find it moving him to wish for so lasting a monument; and the philosopher wonders what thoughts would be likely to come to a mind which should look out on the world so many years as this stone face has done, and what secrets of history, for the solution of which the world is panting, might be locked up behind that impassive countenance.

The profile, as most of our American readers know,

is seen in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and in that great valley or cleft of those mountains known as the Franconia Notch, which has been made the scene of more than one tale of romance, and which, even to this day, with all the influx of annual visitors and tourists, remains sufficiently unknown and unspoiled to retain in great degree the charm of novelty.

AT THE FORD.

THIS beautiful work of art needs neither explanation nor commendation; the whole scene too well explains itself. The eager drivers, the hurried cattle unwilling to cross—chiefly because that is what is expected of them—and halting at the brink, startled at every sound; the sheep meekly waiting to follow the lead of the veteran ram, who comes gravely trot-